

Manifold Perplexion

Preamble to Confounding

26/09/2021

As introduction to this journal entry/essay, I ought to give my situation at present date: As I have started recently to train as a forestry professional, in which the outcome of my skills would be the beginning, care and harvest of the woods.

Aye, as well it would surprise none of whom already may know of me that I would go down this “peaceful” path of life. Yet at the same time, romanticism would be aware of itself, for it is by default unsustainable beyond the aspect of its abstraction. And so it is with full awareness that I would walk into this, knowing that my vision of nature would change to adapt for that of mankind’s vision of it. One of the modern world, where resources are the beauty of what make it; where the trunk of a tree is seen in cubic meters, and these cubic meters are translated in monetary equivalence. There here, and hear that I lay as well the problem ingrained within the title of this essay. For I become perplexed in the lenses of what is to come: my vision of the world will shift to adapt not to what would bring me a greater sense of peace, but to what would bring me a greater synergy with the man-made systems that surround me. And, while the magic of the unknown and the half-known will be lost to me, newfound understandings will take their place.

But these (*soon to be*) old beliefs and understanding will not simply be discarded. Rather, I expect them to be reified to adapt with what will be known. Where it is to be potentially the truth of the systems that deem them to be so, they likely would be built upon the truth of the world itself, in a modern scientific sense. The Truth is different of course, and through it and the experiences that this year will bring me I expect that, eventually, my foundations will be proven as sturdy as a great oak. Unyielding, my beliefs of what is truth may be reinforced to be plain truth: which would be ideal, as it is the desired outcome for my building systems of belief.

Nevertheless until then, I ought to wrestle with newfound knowledge, and with how things are seen from the point of view of my fellow Men. To learn how it is that nature is treated by those who apply their will to shape it, for none of it really is as “natural” anymore, as is being “of nature” would claim.

Today, I do not know how to make these two things coexist: The unknown and half known, and the fully known. What we make of **what is** to make it **what isn’t**, rather than the aspect of the material which brings it to the norms of the normal and marketable within the systems of modernity in the Western World. Nay, today I would be remiss not to correct this: in the entire world.

I believe my comrades will not be of any help in this either. For all of us are here to learn to work within a specific, primarily man-made system (*yet heavily influenced, luckily, by nature*), and I have not detected any fellow Sunday philosophers. Perhaps at a later date, but at the same time, it seems those willing to take the time to think deeply on, at least, a basic ontological level, have been dwindling over the years. Mayhap it is my ego speaking; for the desire to be, or rather the desire to *feel* unique, is as strong as anyone’s. Still, to this day, I have not found a single soul that would be the same as I. Would I be amiss here in realizing that I would already have met a soulmate in these years of wandering? But these are but a romantic fool’s thoughts on the matter. I pursue self-acceptance and project myself to be with myself, yet I still am enamoured with women from afar. Very well I would twist my mind to fit in someone, even though it would be incompatible with my philosophical system.

But I digress, here we are to wonder of another soon-to-be flouting view of nature. I do not yearn for compassion on this, however I do feel a certain amount of growing distress towards Nature as abstract. As I am human, and as I reject a... sizeable amount of modernity, I am prone to be filled with suppositions that are illogical. Namely here, the abstraction of Nature and Time: I give them characters, abstractions that are formless, but still *are* in the mind of what someone or something – both perhaps – would be to a human being. And it is on this basis that I wonder of the

thoughts an omniscient regent of Being would have of someone like me. For in part, this feels like a betrayal of what I held to a high regard, and maybe not as high as the respect I have for the dead, yet still, quite near that. A positive outlook on this ongoing process of auto-reification would be to say that, were I not to forgo my past sights of the world, this would only bring further understanding and enjoyment of the world. Without question it is true that I will learn of nature in new lights. But the price to pay for this knowledge; it comes with this dreaded auto-reification. And I wonder how much of it will be paid in shifting eyes. Perhaps even, gouged and replaced eyes.

Still, I must not be so defeatist so early on this journey. Every experience such as this (*especially*) are journeys of philosophy in and of themselves by their nature. And as well, the many learnings will put my previous learnings to the test, and solidify or discard the fit or unfit to the world. The effect of streamlining life through the lens of Ruin, has had the benefit of making my framework an accommodation of anything that could be met. In entire possible complexities, they all become dwarfed by the simplicity they attempt to contradict it with. And in that, as for everything up to now, I find a reprisal from the deafening anguish of a blind fury: of Ravager¹. Hence I hope, in the eye of the maelstrom, to find this same appeasement through the truth of all that is. While I stay near its abyss, my tent is only sturdier to stand against the winds, but not against the churning storms that may come. That have to come. For I must learn, and through all of what I will do, I must know and learn all that there is to learn on eventuality.

1 “The uncorrupted from the clear corruption of the destroyers of an entire world.
The beasts that ate their own kin.
Ravager, shall you be, as the wind blows in,
Through the hole in your stomach,
Pierced by a ray of lightless divinity through your heart.
Dead were you for thousands of years?
Dead should you have stayed deep within.”